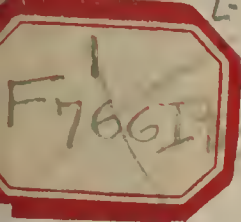


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U. S. Forest Service

Reserve

serve

It Might Have Been You!

THE STORY OF A FOREST FIRE

Which

Burned 23,000 Forest Acres;

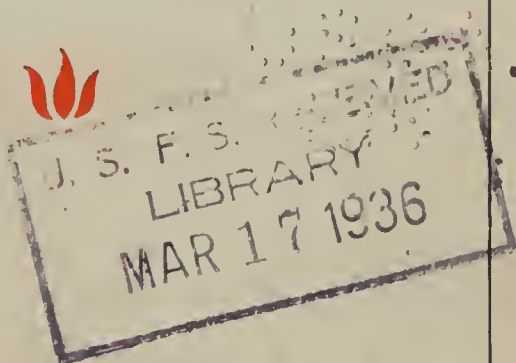
Killed Livestock and Game;

Destroyed 34 Ranches;

Rendered 100 People Homeless.

All Because

Some One Was Careless.



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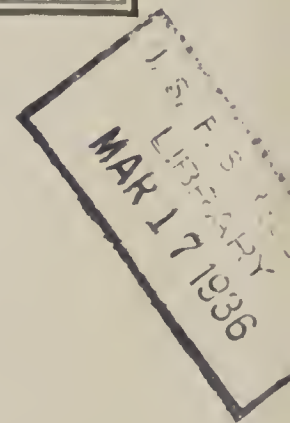
After the fire

A SHOVEL, AX, AND WATER BUCKET PER CAR

Suppose you had seen this fire when it first started? It would have taken only a few moments to cut away small trees and brush, throw them well to one side, and then, with your shovel, to dig a trench or scrape a path around it 12 to 18 inches wide down to the clean, mineral soil. With this job well done and with water (in your bucket) from a nearby stream to soak the fire line so built, 34 ranches might have been saved, 100 persons might now be living in their unburned homes.

That's why shovel, ax, and water bucket for each car or pack train are required during the fire season of all users of the national forests in Montana and Northern Idaho. In California, shovel and ax only are obligatory. Similar requirements may be put into effect in the national forests of other Midwestern and Pacific Coast States as well.

So be prepared. Remember your shovel, ax, and water bucket. They may save forests, ranches, and human lives.



Some Man Starled this Forest Fire



NOV 4 1948



The fire



Ed Dailey's children, who were buried to escape the flames

HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR

Mrs. Alfred Jackson and family, who fled as their home burned

Making mothers, with babes in arms, flee miles to the river for safety.

Desperate efforts by fathers to save their children's lives.

Destruction of 34 ranches, leaving 100 persons homeless. Of all the ranches burned, not a wall was left standing.



What was left of a ranch home

The killing of chickens, milk cows, range cattle, work stock.

The death of deer and their fawns, grouse, bear, and other wild game.

Destruction of 23,000 forest acres and the loss of wages for hundreds of men for years to come.



Some of the 360 fire-killed pullets on the Doolittle ranch

Does Such A Man Belong in Your Community?



A buck, overtaken by the flames

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

The "red demon" was loose in the valley. And in the pathway of this demon, all alone on Blondy Pardue's little ranch, were his mother, his wife, and their day-old baby.

It was 11 o'clock one hot, dry August morning when the fire demon started his rampage. Within an hour the fire was two miles long and half a mile wide; in four short hours it had a front of five miles and a length of fifteen. By 6 o'clock that evening, 34 ranches had been burned to the ground, roads were blocked by falling timber, and 100 homeless people, it was feared, were trapped in the blazing, raging inferno.

Blondy, with other husbands and fathers, was working in a neighboring community. Dropping everything, he joined scout crews sent out by the forest supervisor. As these crews cleared main roads, automobiles and trucks bearing fire-fighters, tools, and equipment rushed through to head the flames.

Just before dusk of that long summer day, the air patrol roared overhead. Shooting through billows of smoke, it scouted the fire and mapped its course. Crossing and recrossing the flame-swept area, it darted dangerously close to the ground, searching for refugees and indicating, by the course of its flight, their way toward rescue crews. Then it returned, with reports upon which were based the strategy of the grim, gruelling fight that conquered the fire demon.

With the leading rescue crew that chopped its way toward the seemingly doomed people was Blondy. Crazy with fear for the safety of his own little family, he frantically attacked fallen trees which barred his progress. Suddenly he heard an engine, and then—bumping over logs, circling around blazing stumps, sputtering and wheezing—an old car appeared. For a moment Blondy stood rooted to the spot, then sprang forward with wondering joy on his face.

"We never would have been saved," sobbed his wife, "without this 10-year old neighbor boy. He cranked the engine and told us where to go, and with his bare hands, kept putting out fires in the blanket that sheltered baby and me. Marvin Jackson," she added, "is a real hero."

So were Marvin's mother and his 18-year-old sister, Lavina, for it was they who gave up their car, only means of transportation, in order that Mrs. Pardue and her day-old baby might be saved. They could travel on foot, if need be. And they had to, for later, with their own 3-months-old

babe in arms, they fled to the river, leaving their own home a blazing ruin. Nothing—not even furniture, bedding, clothes—was saved.

The night wore on. Refugees plodded through dusty roads to the little town, where kindly neighbors provided food, shelter, and clothing. Trucks and automobiles sped up the main highways. Men and more men were rushed to the fire line for the long, stern fight.

Morning of the second day dawned, with sun struggling through the heavy pall of smoke. Many were the anxious moments as husbands searched for wives, mothers for children. Many questions were asked; many answers sought. Were the Berrys burned out? Did the Chambers save their house? Did Christ Ost lose his work horses? Had any one seen the Daileys?

It was the third day before Ed Dailey, his wife, and two children staggered into town. Theirs was another harrowing tale, with an escape truly miraculous. Here is Mr. Dailey's own story, told at the hospital:

"Awful winds hurled flaming trees about like matches. The fire came so quickly and from so many different directions that we were surrounded. It was hopeless to try to save our buildings. We dug trenches in our potato patch, buried ourselves, and put wet sacks over our faces. We stayed there all night. Tuesday we tried to get out, but were stopped by the flames at Camp 11, where we stayed the second night. Wednesday we broke through; and," he added, "the doctor says my eyesight will be saved; so we're lucky, after all."

It took a week with 1,500 men to surround this fire. And it was a month more before the 90 miles of fire line could safely be left.

Some man started this fire. Is there any doubt that *he*, whoever he may be, is responsible for the destruction of 34 ranch homes—for leaving 100 men, women, and children dependent upon charity during the winter? Was it not *he* who caused mothers with babes in arms to flee miles for their lives; who made it necessary for fathers to bury their sons to save them from a horrible death? And who else but *he* caused the loss of 23,000 acres of forest and deprived hundreds of men of good wages for years to come?

You might have been one of the hundred people who lost everything but their lives; and you—if you smoke in the woods or field, if you are careless with match or camp fire—might have been the man who caused all this.

Does such a man belong in your community?

